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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOTTLE.

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTHPLACE.

I KNOW you will at once say, "How can a bottle talk, and how can glass think and write?" But, dear readers, my life has been so very wonderful, that unless I note my experience, some people will never understand the sorrows and trials of a poor old black bottle. Therefore, while you read these pages, you must imagine that I am a thinking and a talking bottle, and have the other natural instincts and senses which belong to yourselves.

I was born in one of the most singular houses you ever saw, and my life has been equally as strange and eventful. I have experienced little of the pleasures of this world, but have tasted of its bitterness and sorrow in every one of its dark phases.

My birthplace was in the outskirts of a large and busy city, and the house in which I was born was octagonal in shape, and built of stone. In this house were ten large furnaces that were kept burning brightly day and night. A hundred men were kept constantly busy during these twenty-four hours forming melted glass into bottles of every shape and size.

The first thing that I remember of my existence was lying on a cold, damp floor, and around me were hundreds of similar beings, yet of different shape and size. I have often wondered whether one of them experienced what I did, and if so I wonder if their existence proved as long as mine.

When I heard the names of my companions called, I was confused and yet amused at them. There were whisky-bottles, rum-bottles, medicine-bottles, soda-water and ginger-pop bottles. It was a long time before I was named, and well do I remember how impatiently I waited for the announcement of that event.

Everything spoke of activity in our house. There were the large blazing furnaces, the melted glass, the hurry and bustle of the men, the removal of the bottles, and the breaking of many. Each one of us was carefully examined to see if we were able to

withstand the hardships of the world. Oh, when I now look back upon what I endured, I wish that the inspector had pronounced me worthless or unsound. But no; I was marked A 1, and therefore I knew my pedigree was good. After this inspection I was carried into an adjoining room, which was called the packing-room.

Here were immense casks and large piles of straw. One hundred and forty-four (or one gross) of us were soon carefully packed away in one of these casks, hoisted up to another floor, and again subject to another long term of impatience. This room was entirely different from any of the others. It was fully as large, but there were no fires, no noise, and the only occupants were these large casks. Each of them was plainly marked. The cask in which I was placed was marked

What the W meant I did not understand, but A 1 referred to my character.

During my abode in this apartment, we were entertained by a great many visitors. They were always accompanied by the proprietor of the build-

ing or one of his employés. By their conversation I came to the conclusion that these bottles were bought, for I often heard them say, "I will take five or ten gross of A 1 whisky-bottles; and in a short time some of our neighboring casks were rolled away. At the approach of every foot-step I would lie perfectly quiet and listen to hear if my turn had come, when this poor cramped body would be released. I hoped that I would be select-ed, and then, again, I preferred to remain where I was, fearful that a change would be fraught with more trouble and uncertainty.

CHAPTER II.

SOLD.

WELL do I remember the morning that I bid farewell to my birthplace. It was early in the morning when I heard the footsteps of my owner, followed by the tread of a stranger. As I listened to their conversation, I became pleased with this new acquaintance, and felt that, if I must be sold, he would be as kind a friend as I could have. This man seemed liberal, and he said that all he wanted was a first-class article, and the price was of secondary consideration. This was very different from the majority of purchasers. I have listened to a few customers who would stand in that cold room for half an hour trying to purchase a gross of bottles for a few cents below the price named. Not so, however, with this person. He talked so cleverly, laughed so merrily, and bought so promptly, that I was really anxious to become his property. I was not long in this suspense, for presently I heard him say, "Now I want one gross A 1 whisky-

bottles." My owner came at once to the cask in which I was hid, and said, "Here's your article, and no mistake." Then I knew I was sold; but what of the great future?

It was at this moment that I first learned my full name. Yes, it was Mr. Whisky Bottle. It is true that at this time I had no idea what whisky meant, but this ignorance did not last long. I soon learned its nature, and its curse.

The cask was soon lowered to the ground-floor, and rolled over and over again until it was lifted into a wagon. I really thought that my sides would break, or my neck become dislocated. Over the stony pavements of the great city I was whirled, and finally was landed in front of a large four-story brown-stone building, upon which "Wines and Liquors" were lettered in every conspicuous place.

The head of the cask was soon removed, and again, I saw the light of day. One by one, this family consisting of one hundred and forty-four bottles were carefully taken out, and placed in an upright position directly in front of a large tub filled with water. Each one of us was carefully washed. It was my first bath, but as the sequel will show, *I was seldom dry after this.*

After being washed I had an opportunity to glance around and take a hasty view of my new quarters. I then learned that I was to be an inmate of a wholesale liquor-house. The room that I was temporarily to occupy was large and well-lighted. It was filled with casks and barrels, all bearing different names. Among them were Rum, Gin, Brandy, Wines with a dozen Christian names, and a great many marked Whisky. For some time I wondered if those marked whisky were any relation to me. It was but a few moments before I found out that our relations were most intimate.

As soon as our little family were all clearly washed and made dry, we were placed along a large whisky-cask, and in an hour every one of us was filled with a sort of yellowish liquid, the smell of which was anything but agreeable. Corks were then driven into our mouths, and upon our bright faces was placed a handsome label of blue and gold, bearing the unmistakable fact that we contained "Pure Old Bourbon Whisky." Now I learned my full name, and how thankful I was to know that my new owner considered me "pure." We were carefully instructed to stand erect on a shelf, in a conspicuous position, where our bright faces and gilded names could be seen by all who entered the store.

CHAPTER III.

NEW FACES.

THE name of my new owner was Mr. Strong, and he proved to be a good-natured man of about sixty years of age. He employed several young men in his establishment which I soon learned was of large proportions. Among the clerks was one whom I learned to love with true affection. His name was Edward, and he was the only son of the proprietor. He seemed to be the life of the concern, always quick in his business relations, and he seemed to be the confidential clerk of the house. He was not more than twenty years of age, with a handsome and intelligent face. He was a general favorite in the store, and many of the customers inquired for Ned when they made their purchases. He always had a pleasant welcome for all, and was remarkably quick in effecting a sale. My attachment for him increased each day, and I was always uneasy whenever he did not make his appearance.

Frequently during the day, Ned went to the

cask from which I was filled, and drawing a small quantity of "pure old bourbon," drank it with such keen relish, that it made me feel as if I contained that nectar which gave continual joy and happiness. Frequently he would invite his friends to join him in a drink. Little did I know at this time, that my poor body was filled with the surest poison, and that I held the keenest weapon which brings misery and wretchedness, despair and death, to not only individuals, but to families and households. On one occasion I heard his father tell him that "he was afraid he was drinking a little too much, and advised him to abstain for a while, as his conduct was worrying his mother."

I could not but think that it was strange that the young man should be reproved for drinking anything that was "*pure*," especially as it was cared for and sold by his father. If it was wrong for the son to *drink* it, was it not far more censurable for the father to *sell* it?

Ever after these words of warning, I had feelings of regret and sorrow whenever I saw my friend put the glass to his lips, and I knew after this, that the liquid I contained was anything but pleasant and healthful. I frequently wished that my little frail body would break, and that every particle of the

whisky would be destroyed. In fact I often made the exertion to jar myself against my neighbors, thinking that if I should crack, I would do no injury to any one except myself. But I was not successful in this suicidal attempt, and soon learned that my future life was to be an exciting and an eventful one.

During my stay at Mr. Strong's, there was one little incident that occurred which made a marked impression on my mind, but one which I have since learned is of frequent occurrence among that class of persons which the world calls "gay" or "fast." It happened in this way:

One morning during the month of January, when the snow was lying thick and solid on the ground, and the sleighing promised excellent, a young man entered the store, and coming to the back part of it said, "Ned, I have engaged that pair of fast bays, and I want you to go out on the road with me this afternoon, and, coming home, we will stop at Sportsman's Hall and attend the ball."

"All right," said Ned, "I'll be on hand."

"By the way," said Charlie (for this was his name) "don't forget to bring along a bottle of good old Bourbon."

"No, I'll fix that now," said Ned; and coming

directly to me, he took me from the shelf, and rolled me up in a piece of brown paper, and giving me to Charlie, said, "You take care of that."

In order to keep me warm, as I supposed, he placed me in his pocket, and proceeded to his place of business, where the coat was hung up, with my little head just peeping from his pocket. For three hours I remained here listening to business matters, anxious for the time to come when I should be with my old friend.

CHAPTER IV.

A SLEIGH-RIDE.

ABOUT noon Charlie came to me, and taking me from his pocket, drew the cork and said, "I believe I will try and see what stuff you are made of." He took a good drink of the whisky, smacked his lips, and said, "Good enough for a prince." With such a compliment, I was replaced in the pocket, where I remained until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when I saw Charlie go to a great iron safe, open the doors, and take therefrom four or five large yellow pieces that I learned were money. He then put on his overcoat, felt for me, and finding that I was safe, started for the stable.

Soon the horses were harnessed; robes soft and warm were placed in the sleigh, and the word "go" was given. Well do I remember the merry jingling of the bells, and the dashing, spirited horses, as they swiftly sped through the streets toward Edward's store.

My good friend soon made his appearance, and after expressing his satisfaction of the "turn out," as he called it, said, "Have you got the bottle all right?"

"Rest assured of that," replied Charlie.

We were soon all ready, and away the horses started again, full of spirit and life. Both Edward and Charlie were in the best of humor, while I enjoyed myself by the new and exhilarating scene around me.

Swiftly and smoothly did we glide over the well-beaten snow, passing here a party who were out for an afternoon's fun, now racing for half a mile or more with another team; then meeting a party bent on the same fun that we were on. And thus joyously and merrily flew the moments and the hours.

At last Edward said, "Suppose we stop at the Punch-Bowl and warm up."

I was not cold, and therefore could not understand what caused my friends to be chilled. We soon stopped in front of a large brick building and entered a room, when Edward and his friend met a number of acquaintances.

The first thing that attracted my attention was a long shelf filled with bottles and glasses of differ-

ent shapes and sizes. Those old familiar names, Rum, Brandy, Gin, and Whisky stared me again in the face, and I was soon cognizant of the character of the place. Most of the people were calling for Bourbon whisky, and I wondered whether it was as good an article as I carried, and that bore the mark of A 1.

Edward called for whisky, and Charlie said "ditto."

I felt a little angry that they did not use me, having been so particular as to bring me with them. They drank, paid for it, and then departed.

Soon we were on the road, and Edward said, "That's villainous stuff, suppose we take a drink of our own, for I know what that is made of." I was at once brought into requisition, and each partook of the "pure Bourbon."

Half an hour of riding brought us to another halting-place, and this was called the Retreat. Here we stopped again, and at once resorted to a room filled with people, each one drinking or smoking, while the conversation was loud and boisterous. My friends stood before the counter treating and being treated for a long time, and finally I noticed that Edward's whole manner was changed. His face was flushed, his eyes red, his

conversation loud and coarse, and I am pained to say that his boisterous remarks were occasionally interspersed with oaths. It was at this time that I fully learned that the pure liquor that I was carrying about was deadly poison — stuff that ruined both body and soul, and brought shame, disgrace, and crime to all who indulged in the villainous drink.

It was during this ride that I learned that it did not require but a very little whisky to teach men to swear, and but a little more to make men commit crimes against God and their neighbor.

It was now dusk, and my friends concluded they would go to Sportsman's Hall and attend the ball. On this suggestion, a dozen others agreed to go also. Two or three other drinks were indulged in, and at last a party of ten or twelve, with their fast horses and light cutters, started on the road. For three or four miles we sped with almost lightning pace; the whip was used, and the entire party were shouting and singing and cheering as they rushed along the frozen road. I was very much frightened, and expected every moment to be dashed in pieces. In fact, I did not care much, for I saw that I was bringing disgrace and misery to all who came in contact with me.

Faster and faster our horses sped, until we saw the bright lights of the hall. We were the first to reach the place, but only a few moments elapsed before the entire company were standing in front of the bar calling for whisky. As the men threw off their overcoats, I was carefully inspected to see if I was all right.

In the course of an hour, and after imbibing several more drinks, the party proceeded to the ball-room. What occurred there I could not say. I heard the music, and I heard the loud talk and laughter of the dancers.

It was not long, however, before Edward and Charlie returned; the former saying, "it was too hot for him up there, with all the whisky he had aboard."

"But let us have another good drink any how," said Edward, and I was once more pulled out of his coat-pocket, and more of the poisonous contents was consumed by these young men.

I would have given anything if they had drank all I contained, for then I should have known the worst; but this terrible idea that my best friend was gradually becoming perfectly unconscious of himself was indeed terrible to bear. He was wild, vulgar, and profane; he seemed to invite a quarrel

with every one he met; until finally he became so drunk that he threw himself, perfectly exhausted, into a chair near the stove. It was not long before he was fast asleep; not that quiet refreshing slumber that belongs to the sober, honorable man. Frequently some old friend would pass him, and sneeringly say, "He's well laid-out," "his father is more to blame than Ned is."

After awhile, a large burly-looking fellow came along, and slapping Edward in the face, said, "Get out of here, you drunken loafer, this is no lodging-room." Both Edward and Charles were aroused at this insult, and in a moment they were tussling with the man. It was a sickening and disgusting sight. Chairs and glasses were thrown, and when at last the parties were separated, both of my friends were covered with blood and dirt; their clothing torn and soiled, and presented more the appearance of poor miserable outcasts than anything else.

This, however, is no new phase in the life of an intemperate man. Oh, no. Whenever a man has spent all his money and become so drunk that he has no further want of rum, then it is that his presence in the gilded saloon, or the lowest alley gin-shop, is no longer desired. The poor unfortunate

man is pushed with a kick or a blow, outside, into the dark and cold. It is always the case, and my every-day life has seen it most painfully illustrated.

It was now long after midnight, and the poor fellows made preparations for their homeward journey. The quantity of whisky which they had drank already produced upon them a stupefying effect, and consequently I was again produced for the purpose of exciting their lethargic energies, and to drive away the humiliating and remorseful feeling that was rapidly creeping upon them. Again and again did they drink this poison. Oh, I longed for a tongue to speak, and a voice with which I could plead with them. But no, I was dumb, and must be content to be passive and patient until the end.

It was four o'clock in the morning when we reached the stable. Even the hostlers slyly laughed at the men when they saw their disgraceful condition. One said: "There is a pretty sight for what you call high-life, and these are young men prominent *in society*."

"Let us go down to the store, and fix up a little before we go home," said Edward, and thither did they stagger. Edward had a key to the store, and once within, the fire was made to burn more brightly, and for an hour they busied themselves in clean-

ing their persons. Finally my friend said, "Well, there is one drink more in the bottle, let us finish it and go home. I shall have time enough to take a bath, put on clean linen, and change my dress before breakfast. The old people won't know that I have been out all night, and if mother should ask me how I received these bruises, I can tell her that I fell on the icy pavement, and she of course will believe her darling boy."

I was drained and put aside, and my friends took their departure. I was now alone and had time to reflect on all that I had seen. Although my experience has been varied and always sad, yet I think I can truthfully say, that this my first day in the outside world, was the saddest of all. How I reflected on my future. What was I to do next? I made up my mind that I could do but little good, and the only thought was how much evil was I to contribute to the world's unhappiness?

While I was considering these things, the porter came into the store, and after sweeping it out, came to where I was standing, took me in his hand, found that I was empty, saw where my position was, filled me from the same old cask, then put a fresh label on my face, and replaced me beside my companions. About ten o'clock that morning Ed-

ward came in looking like a different person from when I last saw him. His bruises had been dressed, clean clothes supplied the torn and soiled ones, and from all appearances no one would have dreamed that he had been so recently on a disgraceful debauch. I have learned that these sprees are judged most unfairly by the world. The poor friendless and moneyless man may drink one-third as much as his rich neighbor, but as he has but one suit of clothes, and no particular home where he can be made clean and fresh, he is looked upon as a common drunkard and lost to all claims of kindness. Not so, however, with the young man of means, or whose father's money covers up the son's excesses. He is considered merely *fast*, and at times *indiscreet*. And this poor bottle knows that until society ignores the rich debauchee, it is only helping on the terrible curse and crime of intemperance.

Edward cast his eye up to where I was standing, saw that I was also washed and newly dressed, and said, "I am so fearfully nervous, I must brace up a little," and to the cask he went and drank.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW HOME.

I HAD been in Mr. Strong's establishment nearly six months, when on a pleasant morning two or three persons came into the store accompanied by Edward. After smelling and tasting different liquors, one of the persons (who was very fashionably dressed), said that he wanted a large quantity of liquor, and a certain portion of it must be bottled. Edward went at once to the old cask, which never seemed to be exhausted, and said, "here is my first-class whisky; I have a fine stock on hand, and some of the same I have had bottled for family or private use;" and as he said this, he came to where I was, and taking me in his hand, displayed me to his friend in most pleasing terms.

"Well, you know, Ned," said the customer, "that I am going to open the gayest place in this city, and I want nothing around it but what is the very best." Quite a lengthy conversation occurred between them, and I heard the fashionably-dressed

man tell Edward "that all the furniture was to be of solid rosewood, that the carpets and window-hangings were all imported, that French plate mirrors were to cover the walls, the sideboard was to cost a thousand dollars, and the glass and china were of the most delicate pattern." He also said that "none but gentlemen would be admitted, that the game was to be fair, and no jobs put up on any one who came there," that he should "give grand dinners at five o'clock each day, and hot suppers at eleven o'clock each night," and finally concluded his conversation by ordering a large supply of liquors of different kinds, and bidding Edward good-bye, he told him "to be sure and come around." An affirmative reply I heard.

Of course I did not understand all of this conversation, but what puzzled me the most was inviting Edward "to come up and see him even if he did not play." Now, my friend was not of a dreamy, quiet disposition, and I did not see why he could not play as well as others; but it was not long before I found out that this game was only a companion to strong drink. I soon learned that each went hand in hand, and that but few of the players received any profit from the game either in health or pocket.

During the conversation between Edward and his customer the former was holding me tightly in his hand, and I was longing for the stranger to purchase me. Most certainly did I desire to go to that beautiful home where the furniture was so rich, and the surroundings so congenial. I thought it far more preferable than standing on a shelf all the day long. Finally I was selected among the great wagon load of bottles to occupy a place in the new home; but oh, how many times did I wish myself back on that old shelf, covered with dust, and free from doing harm.

Late in the afternoon I left Mr. Strong's establishment. The journey to my new home was not long, neither was it accompanied by any particular incident. I remember that I stood perfectly upright as we rattled over the stony pavements. We stopped in front of a large brownstone house, which resembled a fashionable dwelling. The blinds were all shut, and before any one could enter the bell must be rung. A colored man answered the call, and I was soon carried up-stairs, into a small room where I found hundreds of fellow companions of all sizes and shapes. I was carefully washed and polished, and then removed to a larger room, where a person directed me to be placed on the

side-board. There were several mirrors in this, and as I caught a glimpse of myself, I thought I was looking remarkably bright. All around me were the most delicate glass ware, beautiful decanters, silver pitchers, goblets and salvers, and small gilded, tinkling bells.

Soon after I took up my position on the side-board, the fashionably-dressed man who purchased me of Mr. Strong, exclaimed to those around him : "Come let us try my new liquor and see what it is." I was soon brought into use; the cork was removed, some of the contents poured into the fine glass tumblers, and after drinking the same, the expression came from all, "capital." I was then placed in rear of the fine ware, but in a position where I could see everything that occurred.

Let me now describe to you my new quarters. The main room was furnished with all the effects which wealth could purchase. The carpets were bright, soft, and beautiful. On the tinted walls hung rare paintings and engravings. The sofas, lounges, and the chairs were of the latest style, and upholstered with an eye to comfort. A grand piano stood in one corner of this room, but I rarely saw it used. At the front of the room was a long table covered with green cloth, and on this cloth

were painted various strange devices. I learned that this was called a faro-table. In another part of the room was a beautiful wheel which during the evening went revolving almost constantly, and this I heard called a *roulette* wheel. There were other tables in this and the adjoining rooms, around which gathered many persons, and all intent on something that attracted them thither.

The fashionably-dressed man who purchased the goods of Edward, explained all these mysterious things to a party who came in, and with a significant wink, said that "he had private rooms upstairs for those gentlemen who do not like to be seen playing in public." When I heard this expression, I knew that my new home was a place where some people would be ashamed to be seen. More drinks were ordered, and I came to the conclusion that where whisky was used, other sins and troubles and disgrace followed.

During the day following a great many people visited the place, partook of the hospitality of my proprietor, and praised the place in most complimentary terms. On one occasion I heard my owner say, "Yes, gentlemen, it is undoubtedly the finest gambling-house in the country." Now I said to myself, "what is gambling?"

It was not long however, before I found out that it was one of those great evils that associate themselves with drink. I soon learned that I was in a place where money was won and lost, a place where many a happy and comfortable home has been broken up, and a place where once happy fathers and husbands and sons have been ruined forever. "Then I am to live in a gambling house"; I said to myself. Oh! I thought I had seen sufficient misery without having the sin of aiding and encouraging the crime of gambling. And then I felt sad that Edward had promised to visit this place, and thus add another cup of anguish to his poor mother's almost broken heart. Of course I was not able to speak against it. I must be content with merely looking on, and recording the terrible scenes that occurred within my presence.

The "opening night" arrived. At an early hour the entire building was illuminated, but I now remember that every shutter and blind was closely fastened in order that nothing outside would tell of the damning scenes which were going on within.

The proprietor and his *attachés* were elegantly dressed, and never for a moment lost their pleasant smile and hospitable welcome. It is true that each new comer was carefully scrutinized, and a man at

the outside door was given explicit instructions to admit no one whom he suspected "was not all right." Thus it seems that while the place was bright inside, the people who conducted the same knew that they were breaking the laws of the city, and were in constant fear that their nefarious work would be discovered.

About eleven o'clock the proprietor said, "Gentlemen, I will open a little game of faro, and as many as feel inclined to play can be accommodated." Several persons present at once drew forth their pocket-books, and invested more or less in the game. It was not long before all these games were going at full blast, and everything spoke of gayety and pleasure. The side-board was constantly visited by those present, and I was emptied and filled several times during the night.

At one o'clock "supper" was announced, and the majority of those present adjourned to the banquet-hall, yet a few were so absorbed in the game that they preferred to remain and play. The supper was continued for two hours, and as the parties returned, I could hear them exclaim, "What a grand supper that was." This gambling-house was kept open until broad daylight, people coming and departing every hour. Many would rise from table

having lost all, and a few, (yes, a *very* few) called themselves winners.

Finally the company all retired, the doors were closed, the money counted, and the proprietor pronounced his "opening night" a complete success.

To describe each day's experience, and each night's debauchery, would require more time and space than I am allowed in this little book. I can only say that I lived here six long months, and the scenes which I here beheld were sufficient to disgust every honorable man, and to cause the stoutest heart to melt. During that time I saw more guilt and more misery than I can describe. Whisky led men to gamble without limit or fear, and this was followed by every form of vice and wickedness that can be found in the great catalogue of crime.

I will only mention a few instances of my life in this place, and what occurred in this palace of sin is found in every gambling-house of every city.

The class of persons who frequented this place was as different as the many trades and professions of every-day life. I have seen the man who was elevated by the people to a high and honorable place on the bench, and who was supposed to judge impartially between right and wrong, a fre-

quent visitor to this place, and a steady and persistent participant in the games. So intent has he been in play that he seemed unmindful of everything that was going on around him. He would remain until long after midnight, always exultant when winning, and bitterly cursing whenever he lost. Of course he would occasionally drink, for drinking and gambling are always the twin sisters of vice. Think of such a man, after a night of such defilement, presiding in a court of justice, and passing sentence on a poor unfortunate, who perhaps, was detected in stealing a loaf of bread in order to satisfy the gnawings of hunger of himself and family.

I have seen the man who was in the prime of life, and who was reputed as one of the moneyed men of the city, one whose name frequently appeared in the newspapers as the liberal giver, a man who made his money easily in a prosperous business, a man who had built for himself and family a delightful home; one, in fact, who had everything around him, that could make his life happy and comfortable, so fascinated with this curse that he forgot business, ignored his once proud position, forsook home and loved ones, lost all love for honor and virtue, and was finally driven from the gambling

room a mere vagabond and outcast, and at last ended his days in a drunken fit, uncared for, and almost unmourned.

I have seen the young man who was enticed into this gorgeous den by his friends and companions, enter the room with almost fear and trembling, ignorant of everything about it, and was so easily tempted, and excited by the temporary pleasures, that in less than three months he lost his position in business, lost the respect of his kind friends, and became one of the poor dependents of this den.

I have seen the old man with tottering steps and silvery hair come regularly into this place, as early as twelve o'clock in the day, and as he was considered a person of *great respectability*, although of slender means, *attractive*, and a fine conversationalist, he was permitted to remain here during the day and evening. When he had money, he would always play; and when he had not he would be perfectly happy in watching others win and lose. He was always sure to accept an invitation to drink, and these invitations came quite often. I was anxious to know who this queer character was, and I learned that he was formerly the editor of a prominent daily newspaper in the city and had represented his State in Congress, but first had yielded

to strong drink, and finally had spent a large fortune at the gambling-table. And now with one foot almost in the grave the old passion for drink and cards was as acute as ever. His entire support was given by old friends who knew him in his palmy days of influence and wealth.

Another person who was accustomed to visit this place deserves mention in this connection. He was a man about thirty-five years of age, and was considered one of the first physicians in the city; but he became so passionately absorbed with the place that he entirely neglected his practice. I well remember one night, that a gentleman hastily entered the room, and with a wild entreating look, came to the physician and with tears in his eyes besought him to come at once to the bedside of his sick wife. He offered any sum he might name if he would only go for an hour. But, no! so strongly and completely was he bound up in the game, that he absolutely refused to go, and angrily protested at being disturbed. The stranger departed with a most sad and dejected look. The physician arose, came to the side-board, and swallowed a large drink of brandy, resumed his seat at the table, and went on in his play as if nothing had happened.

I have said in a previous page of this book, that

Edward had promised to visit this place, and I assure you I anxiously awaited his arrival. This occurred about a fortnight after the "opening," and he was welcomed most cordially by "mine host." After being shown over the building, he came to the side-board and recognizing me as I sat smiling on the table, drank the health of the proprietor, and wished him success in his business. Edward did not play this evening, although invited to do so by many of his friends present. I was much pleased at his determination, and only hoped that he would never be induced to gamble. He remained in the house several hours, drinking every few moments, and finally left in anything but a sober condition.

The next evening he came again, and also for several evenings following. For some time he did not play, but watched the game with keen interest, always drinking freely from the same poor old black bottle. Finally, one night he entered the door, and I soon saw that he was under the influence of liquor, and I dreaded the conclusion of this visit. As was his custom he took two or three drinks, and then said he believed he would try his luck. Seating himself with the other players, he commenced, and for two hours he did not leave the table. When he arose he was a winner to a considerable extent.

He seemed much elated at his good fortune, but I saw the proprietor give a sly wink to one of the attachés, and I knew it was a bait to tempt him to play again. From this time forward, this same evil influence which had entwined itself around so many poor souls, had completely obtained the possession of my dear friend, and I knew that he was a ruined man. It did not take long to prove my prediction. Night after night he came to the rooms, always drinking heavily, and always leaving the house a loser. He rapidly changed for the worse, and finally made no effort to conceal his bloated appearance.

His losses were very heavy, and on several occasions I heard persons advise the proprietor not to receive his money, as he was evidently spending that which was not his own. The proprietor replied with scorn, "Which was the worse, to buy the soul of man by cards, or *by rum*"? I thought if Edward's father could have heard this remark, he would at once close his store, and would exert himself to repair the wrong which he had already done by the sale of that destroying drug.

One night Edward was sitting at the table very much under the influence of liquor, and gambling with more than usual recklessness, when his good

father suddenly made his appearance, looking as I thought, twenty years older than when I last saw him. He seemed bowed down with grief and sorrow. Slowly he came to where his son was sitting, and placing his hand gently on his shoulder, affectionately said, "My son, will you not go home with me?"

Edward at once rose angrily from the table, and with a horrible oath refused his father's request, and the latter went away heart-broken and disconsolate. Even this sad sight did not affect the players, or the proprietors. A sneering remark concerning the "old man's impudence" was all that was noticed. Most of those around the table came to the side-board and there indulged in heavy potations of brandy or whisky. This sad scene was only one of the many terrible instances which I saw while living at this house.

The cause which led me to leave this place was indeed a fitting *finale* to my wearisome days of shame and misery. This occurred after I had been here five or six months, during which time the proprietors had reaped a golden harvest by their criminal and nefarious ways.

One night the rooms were more than usually crowded with gamblers and spectators, while the

playing had been remarkably high. Among the persons seated at the main table was a tall, well-built man, and by his speech and manner I took him for a Southerner. He was the heaviest loser at the board, and I saw that he was particularly suspicious of the person who was dealing the cards. Several times high words passed between them, and finally the lie was given. In another moment I heard the report of a pistol, and then saw the Southerner rush from the room. It was at once discovered that my owner had been fatally shot. He was at once placed on a sofa, and a physician summoned, but before they arrived he had expired. Those present, with the exception of those who belonged to the house, hastily disappeared. The place was closed, and soon stillness reigned over this house of gayety, misery, and crime.

The next day the inquest was held, and the day after, a quiet funeral followed. In a few days a public announcement was made in the press that the furniture and fixtures of this fashionable resort would be disposed of at public sale.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE CORNER TAVERN.

DURING the few days subsequent to the fatal accident which occurred at the gambling-house, we were visited by a large number of persons occupying every position in life. The liquors that were left, were all freely tested, and no one would have dreamed that a homicide of such a startling nature had been committed within those very walls. A great many of the visitors came through mere idle curiosity, a few with the intention of purchasing this article or that, but all of them expressed their wonder at the magnificence of the surroundings.

The day of the great sale at last came, and most of the articles brought good prices. I waited very nervously for my turn to be sold, and watched intently to discover my new owner. To tell the truth I was not pleased with any of the buyers, and terribly disappointed was I when I looked upon the man who bought me. He was rough and vulgar in his expression and manners, and I knew that I was

to go to a place where my treatment would be entirely different from my late home, and in all probability my sorrows would be largely increased.

As soon as I was purchased I was hustled with dozens of other bottles into a wagon and hastily driven to my new home. Home! did I say? No, it was only one of the many miserable corner groggeries which you see in every city and village. Yes, it was my fortune to hereafter live in one of those dens where temptation of every known species is felt. It was the public tavern, where rum, gin, brandy, whisky and beer, were sold during every hour of the twenty-four during the entire year. It was dealt to the young man just stepping forth in the path of dissipation and disgrace, and to the old man who was tottering beneath the heavy load of intemperance, and who was rapidly marching on to a more terrible death and judgment.

My experience in this corner tavern was far more sad and eventful than in either of my former homes. Not more than three hours in the twenty-four was I unhandled and uncorked. All of the remaining time I was forced to witness scenes which were almost beyond my endurance, and too revolting for any sensitive nature to behold. And yet all of this time I, yes, poor I, was compelled to be

one of the powers to push on this terrible tide of bitterness and death.

At the corner tavern I had no cosey and clean shelf to stand upon. I was scarcely ever dry and warm. There was no elegant side-board against which I could lean, neither did I wear the bright and gilded label that I did at Mr. Strong's. I was filled a dozen times during the day, from a large demijohn that my owner called "Jersey Lightning." My resting place was in a cold ice-box under the counter. I had plenty of companions, and many of them had been there much longer than myself. Whisky was the favorite beverage at this place, and therefore for a good portion of the time I was on the counter, and could plainly see all that was going on in the room.

I have not time to describe many of the customers, but here are a few who will perhaps be recognized by a few readers of this little book. Here came the well-dressed man who hastened from his lodgings early in the morning to the corner tavern for his morning bitters. Here came the common lounger who hung around the place, spending a few dimes each day, and ready for any talk "on horse" or "the prize ring." Here was also seen the regular loafer, who invariably goes through his tour, beg-

ging his drinks, and never discouraged when he is refused. Here once in a while may be noticed a gang of common thieves who regularly visit such places to procure something to nerve them in their nefarious crimes.

One evening there were two or three young men standing at the bar, when I overheard one of them say, "Do you see that old man over in the corner taking his gin?" Each one turned his eye toward the object and nodded an affirmative. "Well," said the first speaker, "that man is Judge ——, and ten years ago he was considered the first lawyer in the city; but he got to gambling, and was a great loser, and, of course, took to drink. That was enough; he soon neglected his business, his family, and his friends, spending almost his entire time around the tavern." I had frequently noticed the old man come into the saloon, go to the same place, and having taken out his snuff-box and laid it on the table, would call for a large glass of gin and water. I soon discovered that he was the same judge whom I knew at my gambling-house. I was not surprised at this result, for I have seen so many men of marked ability and scholarship gradually go down the social and moral scale until all was gone, and until even self-respect

was bartered away for the price of one glass of rum. This old man, now a perfect wreck of his former self, would sit in the corner for hours drinking his favorite toddy and snuffing his favorite snuff. He would talk to himself for some minutes, but never to those who entered the saloon. I do not think he ever spoke a dozen words to the proprietor during the long time I was at the corner tavern.

I remember that one day he was sitting in his accustomed place, with his glass of gin and snuff-box on the table, when suddenly he sprang from his seat, and with a loud oath exclaimed, "Yes, for years I have defended the greatest criminals of the land; for years I have impartially administered justice, and now I have not moral courage sufficient to act the man and throw away this stuff which is fast killing my soul and body!" Oh, how true that sentence seemed to be. It is, without exception, the greatest master that ever employed the lash. He is, indeed, a brave and grand fellow who throws off the shackles and becomes master of his appetite. If persons who know nothing of this terrible thirst would have more compassion on him who drinks, the life would not seem so hard.

The trade at my corner tavern was not confined to any particular class of people. It is true that

my proprietor smiled a little more graciously when he waited upon a person who was more fashionably dressed than the average run of visitors, and he was always willing to converse with such persons, presuming that they had well-filled pocket-books. I have known him to become so interested in a stranger of this character that, in less than half an hour, one would suppose them to be life-long friends. During all this time the proprietor would treat, and then the stranger would return the compliment (?), until finally the latter would become so stupefied that he would sink back into a chair and would soon be fast asleep. When he awoke, he would find a portion of his money gone, but was prevailed upon to believe that he had spent it in treating; and again, many of these people would prefer to lose a good amount rather than to have it known that they had been such consummate fools.

Many and many instances of this kind have I seen while living at my old corner. But when this cold-hearted owner saw a poor, miserable, staggering drunkard approach the counter and lay down his last five cents, there would be no smile or pleasant welcome, but the liquor-seller would pour out the dram, and as soon as the outcast had swallowed it, he was bidden to "clear out."

Disturbances of a serious character also frequently occurred at my corner tavern. Bloody heads and bruised bodies were not unfrequent sights to me. Many a poor fellow have I seen come into this tavern on a Saturday night with his entire week's wages in his pocket, every cent of which was required to support his family, and here have I seen him remain until the very last cent had gone for drink or had been taken from his pockets. After drinking the first two or three glasses of poison, he would insist on treating every worthless loafer who entered that saloon. Instead of the proprietor refusing to give him more, and sending him home, he would urge him, with all his polite insinuations, to spend more and more, until he had clutched the last penny, and then would kick the poor unfortunate into the street, from whence he would be taken to the police-station by the *faithful* officers, who are generally lounging around such corners waiting to engage in some such gallant exploit as this.

Frequently have I heard a wife or mother enter my saloon and implore the proprietor not to sell her husband or son any more liquor; and then these poor, lonely broken hearts would more than bleed by the profane and vulgar insults that they received.

And then again, many of the proprietors of these corner taverns are as cold-hearted as the very pavements. I have seen a poor trembling soul enter my home on a cold frosty morning and beg (as only a drunkard can) for one drink of liquor to steady his shaking nerves or to warm his freezing body. "Away with you!" is the only reply he receives; and yet that poor drunkard has perhaps spent hundreds of dollars in this same place. Watches, rings, pins, canes, umbrellas, and even coats have been deposited with my avaricious owner as pledges for drink. In some instances they were redeemed, but in the majority of cases the accounts would increase in such rapid proportion that they became too large for settlement, and, as a matter of course, the property was sacrificed at one-tenth of its value, *and all for drink.* "Anything for a drink," is the cry of the poor drunkard; and this strange, terrible thirst will force a poor irresolute soul to sacrifice anything and everything to satisfy for a moment its terrible, gnawing desire.

And what can I say of the Sundays spent at the corner tavern? It was nearly the same as on any day of the week. It is true that there was a city ordinance which prohibited the opening of taverns on the Lord's day. The policemen knew of the

laws, but then my owner furnished them with their drams, and frequently gave them what he called "hush money." There was a back entrance to our tavern, and through this door there used to congregate on every Sunday, a class of persons who would spend the entire day in drinking and playing cards. Never while I was at this place, did I hear my owner speak of sacred things except with an oath, or in sarcasm, and never did I see him exhibit any of those feelings of charity and good will which I have frequently noticed in many of his poor, degraded customers. All he seemed to desire was money, and for this he was willing to break every one of the ten commandments, and sacrifice every principle of honor and truth. Money was the shrine at which he worshipped, and everything else was forgotten or ignored.

On a pleasant Sunday afternoon, after I had been there three months, who should enter the place but my dear friend Edward, but oh, what a change there was in that young man. His face was very much bloated, and large blotches sadly disfigured his once clear visage. He looked as if he had been on a terrible debauch, and his own words confirmed my suspicion. He came tottering up to the bar, and said, "Tim, I haven't a cent, will you

trust me for a drink?" "Ned, I can't trust you again, but I suppose I can *give* you a drink."

The old familiar bottle that he had handled so many times was again reached. He did not know me, but I knew him, and I felt that I had in a measure contributed toward his terrible downfall. He nervously seized me, and poured out nearly a tumbler full of poison, (not the "pure old Bourbon" of an olden day) and drank it with a keen, but sickening relish.

"I am going home now," said Edward. "I am sick and can't live long. I think this will be my last drink, Tim, but I was obliged to take this to straighten my nerves when I meet my mother." As he said this I could see that all of his love and natural feelings of the child had not disappeared. He said that he "did not know as the old man would let him into the house, but I guess mother will let in poor old Ned to die."

Yes, that dear name mother has a wonderful charm over the heart of the most forsaken drunkard. When all else seems cold and unmeaning, the name of mother will arouse the tenderest feelings in the most depraved heart. I have seen many scenes of this kind, and I could tell many a pathetic story of a mother's love. I have seen that

sweet, calm, gentle forgiveness given to the son over and over again. The mother's love is always true, and she is ever happy as she ministers to her boy's wants in his terrible sickness and delirium. I have heard the sweet prayers of the mother in which she implored God to restore the son to health, feeling sure that he would never drink again. Oh! the mother's faith is wonderful and most blessed. I have heard the mother fall on her knees and thank her heavenly Father, as she saw the least ray of hope in the symptoms of her darling boy. Yes, yes, that word mother seems to me to be more holy than any earthly name, and why any one can for a moment wound a mother's trusting, loving heart, is more than I can explain.

Ned told my owner that he had been to Philadelphia and Baltimore, had spent all of his money on one great spree, and had been obliged to pawn all of his things in order to get home, and again said that he was going home to die. With this sad story, and a sad good-bye, he left the tavern, and the next time I saw him was under very different circumstances.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER CHANGE.

ON the very evening that Edward left my place, I also bade good-bye to the corner tavern, but instead of bidding farewell to the terrible scenes that I had witnessed, I was only taken to another place where the stories of want, and suffering, and sin were more sad, and the daily and nightly scenes were more revolting.

About eight o'clock on this Sunday night, a party of young men drove up to the tavern, and after alighting, entered the saloon and called for several drinks. Having imbibed rather freely, one of them said that they were "going to see the sights, and wanted a bottle of good whisky, as they were afraid to drink the stuff at some places." I was at once taken from under the counter, filled and handed over to the party who were spending God's day in such a profane manner. It was refreshing to once more get into the cool air, and I did not care where I was taken, for I had become disgusted

with myself, and gladly would I have permitted them to throw me out on the hard pavements, for then my life which had been so sad, would have been ended. But such was not to be my fate; another page in the drama of the rum-seller and the drunkard must be seen, and other sights not yet recorded must be enacted, ere I had completed my mission.

We were soon in the hack. I was safely tucked away under the cushions and the driver was told to go hither and thither, wherever the most exciting sights could be witnessed. We traveled over the city nearly all night, stopping at brilliant lighted saloons, gambling-hells, and other dens of infamy. I was admitted to but two of these places. One was at a saloon where I was re-filled, and the other was at one of the lowest drinking dens in the city. I was taken into the latter place because the party were afraid to drink of the drug sold behind the bar.

What a place this was! I had seen drunkenness and sin in many of its terrible aspects, but this den of corruption and wickedness surpassed all that I could imagine.

I heard the oaths, the vulgar jests and coarse laughter, long before I had fairly entered the room. We were obliged to go down-stairs, into the base-

ment of the building. In this room there were twenty or thirty people of both sexes, drinking, smoking, and cursing. In order to have a seat in this den, my companions thought they must spend some money at the bar, hence they purchased cigars which I am sure they did not consume by smoking. We should not have learned one-half of the sad features that surrounded this den, had there not been a policeman present who was acquainted with one of our party, and from him we learned many particulars of a most distressing nature.

As I have said before, the room was well filled with a most loathsome and degraded class of men and women.

Nearly every one of these persons had seen far better days. Our policeman pointed out two or three men who had become distinguished at the bar, in military circles, and even the pulpit, who were together talking in a most confidential manner. They were scantily clothed, and their whole appearance told the story of their terrible dissipation. Could it be that these men had so far regained their consciousness, that they were telling the stories of their better days, of their successes and triumphs, and then contrasting their present

state of worthlessness? Oh, how I trembled as I looked upon those men, and said to myself that those objects were created in the image of God, and had been endowed with all the natural abilities of a man, and had become the brute through the passion of strong drink. Turning from these men, our attention was called to a woman tottering up to the bar and begging for a drink. The policeman told us that this woman was, a few years ago, one of the most beautiful women in the city. By birth she was from the best families of the land. She was graduated from one of the most fashionable and prosperous institutions in the State. She was courted and flattered by all. Every night she was the center of a gay and reckless party. Her whole being and thoughts were enwrapped in the most intense excitement. Ere long, however, she found that her strength was not sufficient to sustain the great strain upon her physical health, and she soon resorted to stimulants as the great restorer. As soon as the first fatal drop was taken, her terrible future was doomed. It did not take long before her love for liquor was stronger than home and family, and but a few years longer before she was an outcast and a wanderer on the earth. These dens were her lodging-places, and the coarse,

vulgar men whom we saw this night were her boon companions. There this woman stood barefooted; the once beautiful hair dishevelled and hanging over her shoulders, face and hands smeared with dirt, and in all respects a plain example of the female drunkard. There she stood before the bar, talking and laughing, aye, and cursing with the men, almost forcing every new comer to treat, and swallowing the worst of liquors with the keenest relish. Oh, what a dreadful sight this was, but as one of the party expressed his surprise at this incident, the policeman smiled and said that there were hundreds of cases in this city which carried with them the same sad story. He also said that there was many a drug store and confectioner's establishment where soda was sold, that were the nurseries of the saloons and dens of infamy. At these drug stores and soda fountains could be seen at almost every hour in the day, women who move in the "upper crust" of society, taking their brandy and soda, sherry and soda, eggnog, and Roman punches. He opened our eyes when he told us of "regular places" that were frequented by such ladies, and that these "places" were millinery establishments and at the mantua-maker's.

During our stay at this place, a woman came into

the room leading a little child who was crying bitterly, and taking from her pocket a small *phial* asked for ten cents' worth of gin. She disappeared, just as a little girl came stumbling in on the same errand. She wanted ten cents' worth of the poison for ma. My companions' curiosity was now satisfied, and having emptied the contents of my poor old self, they departed leaving me on the table amid the vile conglomeration of nature's outcasts. The proprietor soon had me behind his counter, but was too busy to fill me at this time.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH.

THE next morning I was taken up by my new owner and filled with the vilest stuff that had ever been put to my mouth. I could do nothing, but how I managed to escape being broken in the many fights which I saw, is more than I can tell. The same kind of dens exist to-day, and if any one does not believe what I am saying, ask a policeman to take you to one of these places, and you will soon be convinced that all is true.

I had been in this place about two weeks, when late one night who should come staggering in but my old and dear friend Edward. Of all the wrecks that I had ever seen, I think he was the worst. Oh, how my heart bled for the poor man. I at once thought of his father and mother, and of his own soul. I wanted to learn more about him, and to ascertain the reason why he did not "go home and die" as he said; and soon my desire was gratified. As soon as he had sunk into a chair,

more from exhaustion than from the effects of liquor, the wife of my proprietor, who was then waiting on customers, approached him, and with an earnest and honest manner said, "Why, Ned, I heard that you had reformed, and was once more in business."

"Yes," he said, "I was sick for nearly six months, and my mother did everything for me that she could. I recovered, and took the pledge, and swore that I would never drink again. My father secured a place in another business, and I got along first rate, until one day I was tempted to take just *one drink.* I did not think that one glass of *beer* would hurt me, but the moment that I swallowed that glass, it seemed that a thousand demons were let loose, and I could no more control my appetite than I could fly. After that fatal drink, it did not take long to bring me to this fix. I have spent all the money I had, which was a good round sum. I have sold all of my clothes, jewelry, and everything by which I could raise a dime. It has all gone for drink, and what is the use of talking; it is all over, and I am obliged *now* to have drink, for I am kept alive by it. I shall soon go, and I reckon the sooner the better. He had all this while been clutching a half dollar, and throwing it on the

table, asked the woman to give him fifty cents' worth of whisky. She remonstrated with him for a moment, but he said, "if you don't let me have it, I can get it at the next gin-mill;" and rather than to lose that fifty cents, she went behind the bar, and taking me up, partly filled me, and gave me to the poor, poor man. He then begged a drink from the woman. He tucked me under his old coat, but how differently I felt from that afternoon when I accompanied him on that sleigh-ride. How little did I dream that I should meet him under these circumstances.

Having been here for an hour, he took a long drink from the bottle, and bidding the woman good night staggered out into the street. It was a bitter cold night, and Edward said to himself, "I will go up the next alley and try to find a place to sleep." He did so, and in the corner of an old shed he threw himself. He took another and another drink, and finally with a groan stretched himself out, and was as I thought soon asleep.

But no! He was suffering with illness and yet too weak to make his condition known. For two or three hours he lay there, and no one came to his assistance. Just as daylight dawned a policeman came along, and hearing a stifled groan, came to

where poor Ned was lying. The policeman gave my friend a rough kick, and told him to "get out of there." A groan was the only reply. Another and another blow was given and received, but only groans were given in reply. It soon became evident to the officer that something besides drunkenness was the matter with my friend. He then withdrew, and soon returned with another officer, and they lifted him upon their shoulders and carried him to the station-house near. They laid him on the floor, loosened his tattered garments, rubbed his limbs, but the poor fellow gave but slight signs of consciousness.

The old black bottle was taken from his pocket and placed on a shelf, and a physician was sent for. As soon as the latter made his appearance he recognized his patient, and sent word for Edward's father to hasten to the station if he wanted to see his boy alive.

Ere long Mr. Strong arrived, and the scene which took place in that station was one that none can describe.

"Speak to me once. Let me know that you recognize me. Oh, Edward, speak just once." It seemed as if that father's prayer was answered, for slowly the young man opened his eyes, stared at

his father who was still kneeling at his side, and softly whispered, " forgive me, mother, mother," and then I heard a sigh, and the physician exclaimed " it is all over. He is dead."

The body was removed to the lonely home, but that was the last I ever heard of my friends. That morning was the last time that I have seen the light of day, for an hour after the death of my friend, I was carried down into a damp cellar under the station-house, and thrown into a pile of rubbish, where I remain always thinking of my sad life, and always wishing that I might go out into the world and tell my experience by my voice, instead of sending forth my experience in these few pages. There is nothing unreal in this description of a drunkard's life, nor in this picture of the curse of strong drink, and if only one person will profit by these words, the old black bottle will at least have done some good in the world.

THE GIN-SHOP.

THIS is the *Gin-shop* all glittering and gay.

THESE are the *Drinks* that are sold night and day
At the bar of the Gin-shop, so glittering and gay.

THESE are the *Customers*, youthful and old,
That drink the strong drinks which are sold night and day
At the bar of the Gin-shop, so glittering and gay.

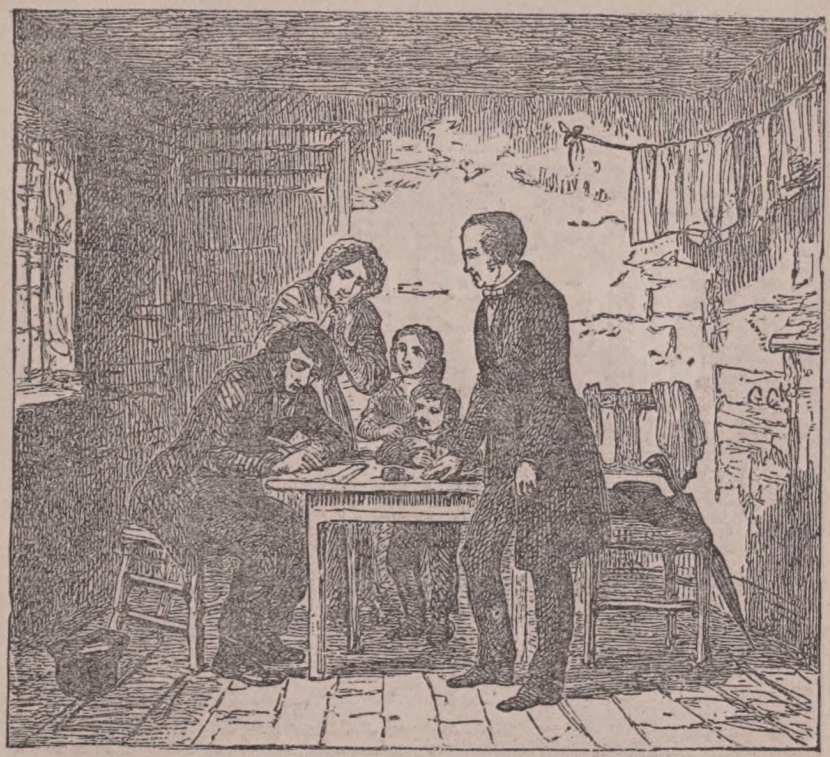
THIS is the *Landlord* who coins his bright gold
Out of the ruin of youthful and old,
Who drink the strong liquors he sells night and day
At the bar of the Gin-shop, so glittering and gay.

THIS is the *Lady*, all jewels and lace,
The wife of the landlord who coins his bright gold
Out of the ruin of youthful and old,
Who drink the strong liquors he sells night and day
At the bar of the Gin-shop, so glittering and gay.

THIS is the *Drunkard,* in rags and disgrace,
Who is served by the lady, all jewels and lace,
The wife of the landlord who coins his bright gold
Out of the ruin of youthful and old,
Who drink the strong liquors he sells night and day
At the bar of the Gin-shop, so glittering and gay.

THIS is the *Woman*, with woe-begone face,
The wife of the drunkard, in rags and disgrace,
Who is served by the lady, all jewels and lace,
The wife of the landlord who coins his bright gold
Out of the ruin of youthful and old,
Who drink the strong liquors he sells night and day
At the bar of the Gin-shop, so glittering and gay.

THIS is the *Pastor*, so noble and kind,
Who pitied the woman, with woe-begone face,
And the husband, the drunkard, in rags and disgrace,
Who is served by the lady, all jewels and lace,
The wife of the landlord who coins his bright gold
Out of the ruin of youthful and old,
Who drink the strong liquors he sells night and day
At the bar of the Gin-shop, so glittering and gay.



THIS is the *Pledge* the poor drunkard signed,
Which was brought by the pastor, so noble and kind,
Who pitied the woman, with woe-begone face,
And her husband, the drunkard, in rags and disgrace,
Who was served by the woman, all jewels and lace,
The wife of the landlord who coins his bright gold
Out of the ruin of youthful and old,
Who drink the strong liquors he sells night and day
At the bar of the Gin-shop, so glittering and gay.

THIS is the *Church*, to which, one Sabbath-day,
The once wretched drunkard and wife took their way,
Drawn there by the pastor, so loving and kind,
Who brought him the pledge which he joyfully signed;
The pastor who pitied the woman's sad face,
And her husband, the drunkard, in rags and disgrace,
Who was served by the lady, all jewels and lace,
The wife of the landlord who coins his bright gold
Out of the ruin of youthful and old,
Who drink the strong liquors he sells night and day
At the bar of the Gin-shop, so glittering and gay.

THIS is the *Text* which the good pastor chose,
When the light on the soul of the drunkard arose,
As he sat in the church to which, one Sabbath-day,
Along with his wife he had taken his way,
Drawn there by the pastor, so loving and kind,
Who brought him the pledge which he joyfully signed;
The pastor who pited the woman's sad face,
And her husband, the drunkard, in rags and disgrace,
Who was served by the lady, all jewels and lace,
The wife of the landlord who coins his bright gold
Out of the ruin of youthful and old,
Who drink the strong liquors he sells night and day
At the bar of the Gin-shop, so glittering and gay.

THIS is the *Cottage*, the home of delight,
Whence prayer, like an incense, ascends day and night,
Where joy and contentment sit smiling so bright,—
Whence came this glad home where such comforts unite?
From the heaven-blest text which the good pastor chose,
When light on the soul of the drunkard arose,
As he sat in the church, to which each Sabbath-day,
His wife and he, happy at heart, take their way,
Drawn there by the pastor, so noble and kind,
Who brought him the pledge which he joyfully signed;
The pastor who pited the woman's sad face,
And her husband, the drunkard, in rags and disgrace,
Who was served by the lady, all jewels and lace,
The wife of the landlord who coins his bright gold
Out of the ruin of youthful and old.
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